

THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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T. O. P. VERNON, Associate Editor.

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CAROLINA SPARTAN.

THE THREE NUMBERS.

[CONCLUDED.]

An aged lady one day presented herself at the Carolina Spartan, and asked for the proprietor, to whom she confided that her family was deeply indebted for eminent services to a poor man ruined by the events of 1814, but so disinterested that he would receive no recompense, and only wished to enter as *garçon* into an establishment where he would be kindly treated. His name, she said, was Prospero. He was no longer young, and seemed some fifty years old; and if M. Loupian would take him, she would give to his master one hundred francs a month without the knowledge of the *garçon*.

Loupian accepted the offer. Shortly afterwards a sufficiently ugly and ill-dressed man presented himself. Madame Loupian looked hard at him, and it seemed to her for an instant that she had seen this man somewhere before; but upon looking again she could recall no remembrance, and, busied with her affairs, soon forgot the momentary impression.

The two natives of Nismes regularly frequented this cafe. One day one of them did not make his appearance, and jokes passed at his absence. The next day came and passed, still he came not. Where could he be? What could he be doing? Guilhem-Solari undertook to find out the cause of his absence. Guilhem returned to the cafe about nine o'clock in the evening, pale as death, and could scarcely find words to relate that, on the Pont des Arts, at five o'clock on the previous morning, the body of the unfortunate Gervais Chaudard had been found, pierced by a poniard. The weapon remained in the wound, and on the handle were engraved the words—NUMBER ONE.

Conjectures were abundant enough; but still all was conjecture. The police moved heaven and earth, but the guilty person contrived to evade all their investigations. Some time after the shocking event, a pointer, a superb dog, belonging to the proprietor of the cafe, was poisoned, and a young waiter declared that he had seen a customer throw biscuits to the poor beast. This young man gave a description of the suspected customer, who proved to be Loupian's enemy, and who, to annoy him, was in the habit of coming to the cafe, where Loupian was, in a degree, under the customer's command. An action was brought against the malicious customer, but he sat idly by, proving his innocence by an *alibi*. He was a supernumerary courier, employed by the post office, and on the day in question was proved to be at Strasburg. A fortnight afterward, Madame Loupian's favorite parakeet went the way of the poor dog; the bird had been poisoned by bitter almonds and parsley. Naturally enough, searching inquiry was recommenced; but without result.

Loupian, by his former marriage, had a daughter, in whose eyes shone her sixteenth summer, and who was beautiful as an angel. A dashing personage saw and loved, and expended extravagant sums to gain to his interest the waiter of the cafe and the charming girl's *bonne*. By these means he obtained several interviews with the beauty, and the generous gallant so well pleased his suit that the young lady, before she was aware, found herself in the way of becoming a mother before she was a wife. Sinking with shame, she yet had the good sense to avow to her parents the situation in which she found herself by listening to the winning tongue of one who she represented as a marquis and a millionaire. Her parents were in despair at first, but they took heart, sought, and obtained an interview with *monsieur*. He did not attempt to deny the paternity; but, on the contrary, expressed his determination to marry their daughter, not without acknowledging his wealth, showing his family tree, and the titles to his estates. The joy and gratitude of the Loupians may be imagined. The marriage took place, and the bridegroom, who appeared anxious to repair the mischief he had done by the splendor and publicity of the ceremony, ordered for the evening a magnificent repast of one hundred and fifty covers at the *Cadran-Bleu*.

At the hour appointed the guests were assembled; but where was the marquis? Each regarded his neighbor with mute surprise—when a letter arrived. It announced that, in obedience to the commands of the king, the marquis had repaired to the chateau. He apologized for his absence, begged that the company would dine without waiting for him, and informed them that he would take his place beside his wife at ten o'clock. Accordingly they went to dinner, but without the amiable bridegroom. The bride did not look pleased, though the guests felicitated her on the enviable position of her husband. The dinner was eaten; and at the dessert a waiter placed under the plate of each guest a letter. All expected an agreeable surprise. A surprise they had. The letters informed them that the husband was a convict escaped from the galleys, and that he had fled.

Fancy the frightful consternation of this wretched family. It appeared like a hideous dream, nor could they realize the situa-

tion. Four days after this heavy blow, they went to spend their Sunday in the country, with the view of mitigating their grief by change of scene and amusement. During their absence, an apartment immediately below the cafe was set on fire in nine several places. Under the pretence of giving assistance, a mob of wretches absolutely gutted the place. The flames raged, and ceased not till the whole house was consumed. Loupian was completely ruined—all his money, credits, and furniture were destroyed or stolen, and nothing remained but a small property belonging to his wife.

True, but most true, is the saying, that prosperity makes friends and adversity tries them. The Loupians were not long in discovering the quality of those who had sworn to them eternal friendship. All their friends abandoned them; one alone was found faithful among the faithless—the old waiter, Prospero. He would not quit them; he declared that, as he had shared in their prosperity, he would participate in their adversity. He was admired and lauded as a rare example of fidelity and goodness. A new but very modest cafe was established, rue St. Antoine. Thither Solari still repaired. One evening he was seized, on his return home, with excruciating pains. A physician was sent for. He declared that the patient was poisoned; and, notwithstanding every effort, the unfortunate man died in terrible convulsions.

Twelve hours afterwards, when, according to custom, the tier was exposed under the entrance of the house where Solari had lodged, a paper was found attached to the black mort cloth that covered the coffin. On this paper were inscribed the words—NUMBER TWO.

Besides the daughter, whose destiny had been so unfortunate, Loupian had a son. This youth, beset by men of bad character, struggled at first against their temptations; but the allurements of abandoned women did what the unaided example of the vicious of the other sex had failed to do, and he gave himself up to debauchery. One night his companions proposed a frolic: the fun was to consist in breaking into a liquor store, carrying off a dozen bottles, drinking the contents, and paying next day. Eugene Loupian, already half intoxicated, clapped his hands at this proposal. The door of the store was pried open, the bottles were chosen, and each of the hopeful band had pocketed two, when the police, who had received information from a traitor in the camp, pounced upon the six culprits, who were tried, and the ruinous sentence awarded by the laws for *vol de nuit avec effraction* was pronounced upon them. Royal pity saved the misguided young man from the infamy of the galleys, in spite of the incredible efforts and interest made by some unseen enemy to turn aside the clemency of the sovereign; but Loupian's son had to undergo an imprisonment of twenty years.

This catastrophe all but completed the ruin and disaster of the Loupians. The wife, who was without the exorcism of the quarter as *la belle et riche Marguerite*, died of grief and without children. The remains of the fortune which she had brought passed from her husband's family, and Loupian and his daughter remained without any resources. Then the honest waiter, who had his savings, came forward and offered them to the young woman—but at what price! Suffice it to say, that the wretched daughter, sunk in the extremity of misery, and in the hope of saving her father, accepted the shameful conditions, and became the mistress of Prospero.

Loupian could hardly be said to exist. His misfortunes had shaken his reason. He wandered about sad and solitary. One evening, while he was walking a sombre alley in the garden of the Tuileries, a man in a mask suddenly presented himself before the distracted wanderer.

"Loupian," said he, "dost thou remember 1807?"

"Why?"

"Knowest thou the crime which thou didst then commit?"

"A crime?"

"An infamous crime! Out of envy, thou didst consign thy friend Picard to a dungeon. Dost thou remember?"

"Ah, God has severely punished me for it."

"Not so—but Picard himself. He, to avenge his revenge, stabbed Chaudard on the Pont des Arts. He poisoned Solari. He gave thy daughter a convict for a husband. He laid the snare into which thy son fell. His hand even condescended to destroy the dog of which thou wast so fond, and the parakeet on which thy wife doted. His hand set fire to thy house. He summoned the robbers to the spoil. He caused thy wife to die of grief, and thy daughter is his concubine. Yes! in thy servant Prospero know Picard; but only at the moment when he plants his NUMBER THREE!"

With the last words came a stab, so well aimed at the heart of the victim, and driven so home, that Loupian had only time to utter a feeble cry before he fell dead.

This last act of vengeance accomplished, Picard turned to leave the garden, when a hand of iron, seizing him by the neck, hurled him to the earth beside the corpse, and before he could recover from his surprise, a man bound him hand and foot, gagged him completely, and then, wrapping him up in his own cloak, carried him hurriedly away.

The rage, the astonishment of Picard, thus gagged and borne along on the shoulders of a giant, as his carrier seemed to him, may be imagined. Onwards, still onwards. Surely he could not have fallen to the power of the police. A gentleman, if he had been alone, would not have taken these extraordinary precautions, even if he had suspected that accomplices were near. One summons would have sufficed to bring the sentinels in the neighborhood to his aid. Was it, then, a robber who thus bore him away? But what a singular robber!—it could hardly be a piece of piquantry. These thoughts passed rapidly and doubtfully through the perturbed mind of Picard; but the only conclusion that the assassin could

at last satisfactorily realize was, that he had been watched, and had fallen into an ambush.

When the man upon whose shoulders he was thus borne stopped, Picard calculated half an hour. He had walked rapidly nearly half an hour. Enveloped in the cloak, he himself had seen none of the places on his route. When he was freed from his wrap per and the gag, he found himself laid on a truckle bed. The air was thick and heavy, and as he cast his baleful eyes fearfully round, he perceived that he was in a cavern, belonging apparently to an abandoned quarry or mine. It was furnished in some sort; there was a stove, the smoke of which found its way upwards through some crannies; an iron lamp threw a fitful and melancholy gleam around, and its lurid light fell full upon a figure standing erect and with folded arms in front of Picard. It was the man who had brought him there.

The murky state of the place, the agitation which shook the body and soul of Picard, the change which ten years of misery and despair bring upon the human face, forbade the assassin of Loupian to recognize the individual who appeared to him like a phantom. He examined with fascinated stare and in fearful silence the withering features and flashing eyes that glared upon him, waiting in agonizing expectation for a word—one word—that might tell him his fate. Ten minutes (which seemed to Picard hours) passed before either of these men exchanged a syllable.

"Well, Picard," said the other, "what name would you prefer now? Shall it be that which you received from your father, or that which you took when you were let out of Fenestrelle—will you be the Abbe Baldini, or the waiter Prospero? Or, will your ingenuity furnish a fifth? To thee, vengeance doubtless is mere sport. But not thou shrinkest. Ay, dost thou begin to perceive that thou hast given thyself up to a furious mania, at which thou—thou thyself—wouldst have shuddered, if thou hadst not sold thyself to the demon? Ay, thou art right—thou hast sacrificed the last ten years of thy life in pursuing three wretched men whom thou mightest have spared. Thou canst shudder now! Thou hast committed horrible—most horrible—crimes. Thou art lost forever—and thou hast dragged me into the abyss!"

"Thee—thee! Who art thou?"

"I am thy accomplice—a wretch who, for gold, sold to thee the life of my friends. Thy gold hath been fatal to me. The cupid lighted up by thee in my soul has never been extinguished. The thirst of riches made me furious and guilty. I KILLED THE MAN WHO CRIMED ME. I fled with my wife. She died in exile, and I—I was arrested, judged—no matter for what—and condemned to the galleys. I underwent exposure, the scourge, and the brand. I know the weight of the chain and the bul let. At last having escaped in my turn, it was my will to find and punish this Abbe Baldini, who so well finds and punishes others. I hastened to Naples. He was not known there. I sought for the tomb of Picard, and I learned that Picard lived. How did I know this? Neither thou nor the Pope shall force that secret from me. Immediately I set forth in pursuit of this pretended corpse; but when I had found him, two assassinations had already signalized his vengeance. The children of Loupian were ruined; his house burned; his fortune destroyed. This very evening I was going to that unfortunate to tell him all; but again thou hadst been beforehand with me. The demon gave thee the precedence, and Loupian had fallen under thy blow before God, who conducted me, permitted me to snatch thy last victim from death. What does it signify after all? I HAVE THEM! In my turn I can render unto thee the evil thou hast done unto me. I have been able to prove to thee that the men of our country have as good a mis as they have memories. I AM ANTOINE ALLU!

Picard answered not. He took a deep breath, as if for the purpose of raising an outcry; but if he had any such intention it was immediately frustrated by Allu, who again gagged him. As he lay, strange thoughts passed through his mind. Sustained up to this moment by the intoxication of vengeance, he had in a great degree forgotten his immense fortune, and all the pleasures it would command. But his revenge was now fed full; now it was time to think of living the life of the rich; and now he had fallen into the hands of a man as implacable as himself. These reflections shot through his brain with the rapidity of a galvanic spark; and in an agony of rage, he convulsively bit the gag which Antoine had replaced.

"Nevertheless," thought he, "rich as I am, cannot I with fair words, and in any case by making a real sacrifice, get rid of my enemy. I have given more than one hundred thousand francs to learn the names of my victims; cannot I give as much, or twice as much, to escape from the peril in which I am?"

But he to whom vengeance belonged permitted the thick mist of avarice to obscure the brightness of this thought. The possessor of sixteen millions at least, shrunk from giving up the sum which might be demanded. The love of gold, omnipotent in his miserly soul, stifled even the love of life and the voice of the flesh, which cried for ransom at any price. God became his flesh, his blood, his whole existence.

"Oh," thought he in his secret soul, "the poorer I make myself to be, the sooner shall I get out of this hole. No one knows what I possess. I will feign to be on the verge of mendicity—he will let me go for a few crowns—and, once out of his hands, it will not be long before he falls into mine!" Allu, who had watched him with the eye of a basilisk—an eye that, as it glittered malignantly, seemed to divine what was passing in the miser's mind, now slowly advanced towards him, removed the gag, and again restored him to liberty.

"Where am I?" said he.

"What is that? Thee! Thou art in a place where thou mayest look to vain for

help or mercy. Thou art mine—mine only, understandest thou? and the slave of my will and my caprice."

Picard smiled disdainfully, but his friend said no more. He left him on the mattress where he had laid him, without untying him. Picard remained silent, but he writhed so as nearly to break the cords which bound him. Allu, without a word, walked up to him, passed round his loins a wide and thick iron belt, and fixed it by three chains to three massive rings driven into the wall. This done, he sat down to his supper of chicken in savory jelly, cold veal, and a Bayonne ham, an Etes sausage, a loaf of the whitest bread, a piece of Gruyere cheese, and a large flask of Chambertin, which, when the cork was drawn, perfumed the cavern.

Allu went on leisurely eating; and as Picard found that he offered him nothing from the well-spread table—

"I am hungry," said Picard.

"What wilt thou pay for the bread and water that I shall give thee?"

"I have no money."

"Thou hast sixteen millions."

"Thou dreamest," cried Picard, with a shudder.

"And thou—dream that thou eatest."

Allu quietly finished his supper. He then rose and departed, nor did he return all night. About 7 o'clock in the morning he again entered, and prepared a most appetizing breakfast.

The sight and smell of the food redoubled in Picard the tortures of hunger. "Give me something to eat," cried he.

"What wilt thou pay me for the bread and water that I shall give thee?"

"Nothing."

"Very well! We shall see who will be tired first."

Allu sat down and deliberately finished his breakfast. He then rose and went out.

At three in the afternoon he returned. Eight and twenty hours had now passed since Picard had taken any nourishment. He implored his gaoler for mercy, and offered him twenty sous for a pound of bread.

"Listen," said Allu, "these are my conditions. I will give thee two meals a day, and thou shalt pay me for each five-and-twenty thousand francs."

Picard howled and writhed upon his mattress; the other remained impassible.

"That is my last word. Choose—take thy time. Thou hast no mercy for thy friends, and it is my will to have no pity for thee." And again he sat at meat; and again, when he had finished, he rose and left the cavern.

The wretched prisoner passed the rest of the day and the following night in the agonies of hunger and despair. His moral anguish was complete; in his heart was hell. His mental and physical suffering was so overwhelming that he was seized by *tetanus* in its most spasmodic form. Soon afterwards his reason was affected; and the ray of intellect that animated his brain was all but quenched under the tide of extreme and contending passions and bodily suffering. Human organization can only support a certain amount of torture; and the pitiless Allu, when he returned on the following morning, soon discovered that he had pushed his torments beyond the power of man's endurance. The form that lay before him had become an inert machine, still sensible, indeed, of bodily pain, but incapable of resisting or even of averting it. He saw at once that Picard was too far gone for him to hope to extract a reasonable word from the exhausted sufferer.

Despair now seized Allu in his turn. Picard would die without affording any means by which his gaoler could appropriate the immense fortune of his victim. Stung to the very soul, Allu lost all self command. His breast and head resounded with the repeated blows of his own clenched hand, and in his agony he was on the point of dashing his skull against the rugged sides of the cavern, when he perceived, or thought he perceived, a diabolical smile on the livid face of Picard, and a glance at once malignant and triumphant darting from his glazing eye. Turning his rage on his prisoner, he rushed on him like a wild beast, nor quitted his prey till he was left what had been a man, but was now a lifeless mangled mass.

The murderer then went forth into the murky night.

Not long afterwards he passed into England. There he lived in obscurity and poverty, and there a mortal sickness seized him in 1828. He felt that the hand of death was upon him, and sent for a Roman Catholic priest. Awakened by the exhortations of his spiritual adviser to a sense of his condition, he confessed to the horror-stricken ecclesiastic his dreadful crimes, the details of which he dictated; and when the frightful history was written, signed it at the foot of each page, and died reconciled with God, according to the rites of his religion. After his death, the Abbe P— forwarded to Paris the document wherein the facts narrated were recorded, accompanied by the following letter:

"MONSIEUR LE PREFET: I have the honor to send you the narrative of a great but repentant criminal. He thought, and I agreed with him in that thought, that it might be useful to you to know the series of abominable acts of which this wretched man was cognisant, and in many of which he was both agent and patient. By following the indications furnished by the annexed plan, the subterranean cavern where the remains of the miserable and guilty Picard lie mouldering may be found.

"God pardons. Men in their pride and hatred pardon not; they seek vengeance, and vengeance crushes them."

"Antoine Allu declared that he sought in vain for any instrument, voucher, or memorandum which might be produced where the funds of his last victim were said to be placed. Before he left Paris, he said he penetrated by night into the secret apartments of Picard; but found neither register, title, nor document. Below you will find the description and locality of the Paris lodgings which Picard occupied at under feigned names, as stated by Allu."

"Even on the bed of death, and with the full knowledge that he never should quit it alive, Antoine Allu, notwithstanding my urgent entreaties, would not tell me by what means he obtained information of those facts in his narrative of which he was not personally cognizant, or who had told him of the crimes and fortune of Picard. Only one hour before his death he said to me—'Mon Pere, no man's faith can be more lively than mine, for I have seen and spoken with a soul separated from its body.'"

"When he said this, there was nothing to indicate that he was suffering under delirium. He appeared to be simply making a confession of his faith, and to be in the full possession of his mental faculties."

The letter terminated with a few words improving the occasion, and the usual compliments; but it was said that the sagacious prefect, albeit a sufficiently good Catholic, dropped a few words significant of his thought that Allu might have picked up the stirring events that marked Picard's misfortunes and crimes without the aid of a disembodied spirit.

Correspondence New York Daily News.

WASHINGTON, March 19.—A new and singular enterprise is now about to be initiated. It is the publication in London of a Southern State Rights Journal, devoted to the cotton and pro slavery interests. It has already received the countenance of a great many subscribers in the South, and will in a very few months issue its first number. It is proposed to publish it weekly, and to furnish it to subscribers at \$10 per annum, which amount is to cover all the expenses of foreign and domestic postage. A Mr. Slocum, of Mississippi, is the founder of this enterprise, and it is said that Prof. Dimitry, of Louisiana, now the translator at the State Department, a man of fine intellect, who wields a forcible quill and speaks six different languages, is to be its editor.

This paper is to place the South upon a proper footing abroad, promote direct trade, and not the least of its purposes is to wield a powerful influence in this country. It is argued by its friends that its position in London will cause for it a general circulation in all parts of the United States, so that when it speaks it will speak to the whole country. Thus Southern views will become thoroughly disseminated, which is not the case now. The general circulation of all Southern journals being purely local, the effect of their most able articles is limited to the immediate bailiwick of the publication.

It is quite evident that the South is making quiet but steady strides to appreciate the value of its interests, and make cotton to be felt even more thoroughly king (as Mr. Wise calls it) than it is now. At the last session an appropriation was made to pay for an agent of the Department of the Interior to go abroad with reference to the cotton interests. It is understood that Hon. J. F. H. Claiborne, a distinguished Ex-M. C. from Mississippi, is to receive the appointment. The effect of this mission will be the communication of some facts to our Government which will lead to the promotion of the cotton interests by amendments to treaties with European States, which, while they pretend to class us among the most favored nations, do not at least with reference to the interest of our Southern brethren do so.

Another feature in this "Cotton King" idea is the appointment of Mr. C. G. Baylor as our Consul at the great manufacturing town of Manchester, in England. He has been engaged for years in writing and speaking to the South as to her true course of policy with reference to her vast and powerful resources. He was strongly pressed for the appointment, which he received by the entire South, and it is surmised that his energy and talent will obtain a sufficient leverage from those States for which he has been battling so long, to enable him to consummate some of his favorite plans for promoting the general welfare of that section of the country.

I am thoroughly convinced that as soon as the disposition of patronage is concluded, the Administration will turn its attention to a plan for the peaceful acquisition of Cuba. The first step will be to appoint a new and skilful Minister at Paris and one at Madrid. The Administration apprehend little doubt but what it will be able to consummate that object before its close.

THE BIBLE.—Hebrew—or old Samaritan—is the language in which the Old Testament was mostly written. This was transcribed by Ezra, after the Babylonian captivity, into Chaldaic or modern Hebrew. The Samaritan (Aramæan) Pentateuch was a version made before the schism between Jews and Samaritans, and is of vast value. The LXX (Septuagint) version was made by the Jews in Alexandria Greek and is the language in which the New Testament was written, for it was the language best understood, being used throughout the Roman empire. It is in the Macedonian dialect, and abounding with Hebrewisms, which shows it to have been written by men of Hebrew origin. The charge of the Holy Scriptures was intrusted to the "Great Synagogue," which consisted of one hundred and twenty elders, who continued in regular succession from the time of Ezra until Simon the Just, B. C. 291. Saadiah was a council of seventy, and a president who conducted the affairs of the nation. Synagogues were places of worship, where a prescribed liturgy and regular lessons were used. It is said Ezra distributed three hundred copies of the law for their use. Our Saviour constantly attended them, and, at the commencement of his ministry, read from the appointed lesson.

An exchange, in puffing a soap, says it is the "best ever used for cleaning a dirty man's face." We have tried it, therefore we know. This is hardly as pointed as the hit of Dean Swift's "Stella," who, when a gentleman lamented his inability to keep clean his finger-nails, *naively* suggested, "He is in the habit of scratching himself."

Revolutionary Incident.

The following letter from an Ex-Governor of Virginia, to a friend in this place, gives a minute and authentic account of the transit of the Volunteers for King's Mountain through the high range of mountains from Watauga to Catawba. This Union has heretofore been somewhat obscure in regard to the exact particulars of this march, for the region continues to this day almost entirely uninhabited, as indeed it is nearly uninhabitable. We understand that a party of gentlemen propose to make an excursion to the North Carolina mountains in October, and picnic on the whole line of march, making a survey of the line, and noting its topography, its vegetable and geological character.—*South Carolinian*.

MONTICALLY, NEAR ABERNETHY, VIRGINIA, March 16, 1857.

MR. DEAR SIR: The day you spent part of with us, in conversation about the battle of King's Mountain, you asked me if I knew the route taken by the volunteers under Col. William Campbell, from the Sycamore shoals or flats on Watauga, across the mountains into South Carolina, in pursuit of Ferguson. I told you I had a statement showing the route, somewhere among my papers. Since you were here I have found it. It was copied by myself from a manuscript journal kept by Ensign Robert Campbell, and is as follows:

In the expedition to King's Mountain, Col. Campbell, Col. Shelby and Col. Sevier rendezvoused at the Sycamore flats, on Watauga, at the foot of the Yellow Mountain, on the 25th of September, 1780. Next day they ascended the mountain, mostly on horseback, encamped at night in the gap of the mountain on the opposite side. The ascent over this part of the mountain was not very difficult. There was a road, but not one on which wagons could pass. No provisions were taken but such as each man could carry in his wallet or saddle-bags. The sides and top of the mountain were covered with snow shoe-mouth deep. On the top of the mountain there was about one hundred acres of beautiful table land, in which a spring issued, ran through it, and over into the Watauga. Here the volunteers paraded. On reaching the plain beyond the mountain, they found themselves in a country covered with verdure and breathed an atmosphere of summer mildness. The second night (the night of the 27th) they rested on Cuthay's plantation. The third day (the 28th) they fell in with Gen. McDowell, and that night held a consultation of the officers. The Gen. was without troops—yet his rank and former services could not easily be overlooked. It was stated in the council that they needed an experienced officer to command them. Morgan was the man they wanted, and to obviate all difficulties, Gen. McDowell offered to be the bearer of their wishes to Gen. Gates. The fourth night (the 29th) they rested at a rich tory's, where they obtained abundance of every necessary refreshment. On the fifth day (the 30th) they reached the Catawba, and were there joined by Col. Cleveland. Here they despatched Gen. McDowell to Gen. Gates. This is as far as I copied from Col. Robert Campbell's manuscript. I have, however, this further memorandum:

The battle was fought on Saturday, the 7th of October. On the next Saturday a court martial was held for the trial of certain prisoners charged with various offenses.

I have no account of the movements of each day of the forces after the 30th of September up to the 7th of October, further than what is stated in the official account.

Most truly, your friend,
DAVID CAMPBELL.

List of Officers in command of Col. Campbell's Regiment:

Major—William Edmondson.

Captains—James Dysart, Robert Craig, Andrew Colville, David Beattie, William Neil, Andrew Edmondson, William Edmondson.

Lieutenants commanding parts of Companies—James Bowen, William Russell, Thomas McCulloch.

Lieutenants—Samuel Newell, Robert Edmondson, William Willoughby, Andrew Goff, Robert Edmondson, 2d, William Craibree.

Ensigns—Robt. Campbell, James Corry, Nathaniel Dryden, Humpherson Lyon, James Laird, Nathaniel Gair.

I have found difficulty in forming the list of those in command, as many officers volunteered as privates. I believe the above is correct.

THE SCARLET FEVER.—The following remedy for the scarlet fever is recommended by Dr. Lindsley, of Washington, as the treatment which has been resorted to with great success by Dr. Schuerman, a physician to the King of Hanover.

"From the first day of the illness, and as soon as we are certain of its nature, the patient must be rubbed morning and evening, over the whole body, with a piece of bacon, in such a manner that, with the exception of the head, a covering of fat is everywhere applied. In order to make this rubbing in somewhat easier, it is best to take a piece of bacon the size of the hand, that we may have a firm grasp. On the soft side of this piece slits are to be made in order to allow the oozing out of the fat. The rubbing must be thorough, and not too quickly, in order that the skin may be regularly saturated with the fat. The beneficial results of the application are soon obvious; with a rapidity bordering on magic, all, even the most painful symptoms of the disease, are allayed, quiet sleep, good humor, and the appetite return, and there remains only the impatience to quit the sick room."

An English paper states that abstemious and laetuous are the only two words in the English language wherein the five vowels follow each other in their proper order.

We converse with those we love through flowers; with those we worship through stars.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE BIBLE RECORD.—The Paris correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* thus alludes to the discoveries made by Sir Henry Rawlinson in Assyria, confirmatory of the truth of the Bible record:

"Among the recent public lectures in London you may be struck with that of Sir Henry Rawlinson, on the late Oriental discoveries in relation to the Bible. It occupied nearly an hour and a half. Sir Henry expatiated on some of the most important results of his discoveries in Assyria, constituting a verification of scripture history; he illustrated his topic by numerous drawings and models taken from the sculptures now in the British Museum. He could educe, by abundant coincidence, the authenticity of the Holy Writ. The earliest period to which the inscriptions he found referred, was about 2000 years before Christ. The whole country of Assyria had been excavated in the course of his researches; a multitude of inscriptions had been deciphered, and in many instances they confirmed, in the minutest details, the pages of scripture, and explained passages which had hitherto been obscure. The instances which he cited teem with instruction and force; the interpretation or derivation of names in particular. The earliest connection of the Chaldees and Indians and the Babylonian mythology, the ethnology and geography of the Assyrians, the historical records, all are illustrated; in every case there is an entire agreement with the Bible. The lecturer inferred from his studies that the book of Job belonged to a time about 700 before Christ. In the inscriptions there is a period of nearly a thousand years without mention of Judah, but during that period there was no inducement for intercourse between the Assyrians and the Jew. The visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon was verified. So the wars between Sennacherib and Hezekiah. There were four distinct captivities of the Jews. Some inscriptions referred to the time of Nebuchadnezzar; others threw light on the existence and actions of Belshazzar, who was joint king with his father Nimrod, and who shut himself up in Nineveh."

THE END OF THE WORLD.—While politics and many other things agitate the European world at large, a new theme has been revived, very injurious to the nerves of timid folks, old ladies and young children generally. It has restarted in Paris, and sounds very much like a scientific desire to see our world knocked into "jib." Thus we find at present in Paris the question is of quite other things than revolution on the abuses of the ancient regime. Many people are firmly convinced that the prophecy of Dr. Cumming is about to be realized. One knows that Dr. Cumming has irrevocably fixed the year 1857 for the end of the world. For two years this dark prophecy of the Scotch Dr. has been nearly forgotten, but the astronomers are making every effort to revive the closing terrors. They announce the journey of a globe comet with great velocity, which is coming to dash its head or tail against our globe with the intention of reducing it to powder. It is on the 13th of June the shock is to take place, and this date, the 13th, does not contribute little in terrifying the imagination of the weak. A learned member of the Institution, M. Babinet, who is familiar with all the heavenly bodies, does not deny the vagabond course of the comet in question; he declares, on the contrary that it is on its way, but the voyage will be made without accident. In case, he says, that the comet strikes the globe, the shock produced on the world we inhabit will be like a flip on the back of an elephant. A learned German, who considers himself much wiser than M. Babinet, pretends that the comet is enormous, and of such force that it will precipitate the world into immensity, like a balloon falling from the moon. Which are we to believe, the learned German or the learned Frenchman?

LITERAL INTERPRETATION.—Many divines of the present day, we will say the most of them, have been driven by the developments which science is making, to acknowledge that large portions of the Bible are not to be understood in a literal sense, particularly the five books written by Moses. The opinion has hitherto been entertained that our earth was literally created about six thousand years ago, about which time also the heavens were created, including the stars and planetary systems. The developments made by geology prove that the earth must have existed in some form, hundreds of thousands of years. And how about the "heavens," including the fixed stars, Sirius, or the dog star, is 2,200,000,000 miles from the earth. A ray of light from Sirius, travelling at the speed of a cannon ball, would reach the earth in 623,311 years, yet it is the nearest fixed star. This fixed star must, therefore, have been in existence at least half a millions